

Chapter 4 Instincts

Luna Giselle

For the past week, my Lycan has been acting strange, but she can't recall anything happening during the past week to justify her feelings. Well, nothing out of the ordinary, that is, and we both decide it has to do with our little miracle's birthday.

Today we will spend the day on our own floor while our Pack-members organize the final details for the party.

Tate walks out of the bathroom as I walk out of our closet. He smiles at me before asking if I have everything under control.

"Of course, I have everything under control. I can't wait to see her face when she sees what we have organized for her seventeenth birthday party," I answer as I wrap my arms around his waist.

I walk into the kitchen to start preparing breakfast. I am going to make Morgan all of her favorite dishes. Colton and Landon are already setting the table as I pull everything I need from the pantry and the fridge. Ashton walks into the kitchen with a strange look on his face, and I ask him what is wrong.

"I don't know, Mom. Titan feels as if he missed something major. We've gone over the past week, but we can't figure it out," Ashton answers, and I tell him that Sage has the same problem.

"We've been so busy organizing everything. We had to reconfirm that the King would send witnesses, and I think we're just worried that something might go wrong."

Tate tells us that Roman has been going through the same thing, and I think it's safe to say that we are all worried that something might blow up in our faces. We talk about tonight's party as the boys help me get breakfast ready. As they bring everything to the dining room, I walk toward Morgan's room to wake her up.

As I walk down the hall to her room, something feels off, and I start to feel anxious the closer I get to her room.

"Is something wrong?" Tate asks from behind me, and I tell him that something doesn't feel right. Ashton pushes past me to open her bedroom door, and then it hits me.

I can barely smell the scent of my Daughter, and Sage starts to whimper in my head. Ashton is running around her room, saying that her stuff is missing. Her closet is nearly empty, as is her bathroom. Tate sends out a Pack-wide mind-link to get everyone to the Pack-house, and within seconds I can hear footsteps and paws pounding the stairs and the ground.

Everyone is quiet when we step onto the front porch.

"Morgan is missing, and with how faint her scent is in her room, she's been gone for a while. I want the entire territory searched, and if anyone can think of anything strange, I want to hear about it. No one will get into trouble. We just want to know what happened. We need to figure out why she's missing and if she left on her own accord," Tate says, and in seconds, everyone takes off in different directions to search for our Daughter. Her Brothers rush off as well, and Tate holds me in his arms as I quietly break down.

After two hours of searching, Fletcher informs us through the mind-link that he found a cottage at the north border that holds her scent. Tate sends all her Brothers toward him, but an hour later, they still haven't found her. One of our Omegas who works in the main dining room walks up to us with a worried look on her face.

My Sons have just returned, and I ask her if there is something she wants to tell us.

"Luna, I mean no offense with what I am about to say. Morgan hasn't been to the main dining room for breakfast, lunch, or dinner for months. I didn't say anything because none of you seemed to be worried when she no longer showed up.

A week ago, she came in for dinner again but left before we served dessert. I noticed her bike missing from the garage about a month ago, but I thought she might have gone for a ride, as she has done it quite often in the past few months," she says, and I just look at her as Tate thanks her for telling us.

Once we are all back on the Alpha floor, I break down and start sobbing as Tate wraps his arms around me.

"Mom, if she left the territory, we would have felt the Pack-bond snap. She still has to be in the territory," Landon says as he places his laptop on his lap, and Colton runs out the door.

A few minutes later, Colton walks back into the room, and his face doesn't predict much good.

"Her file is gone, and I can't find her initiation papers," he states as he sits down on the couch.

Tate mutters, "Fuck," as he jumps off the couch. "We were supposed to initiate her the night after her sixteenth birthday, but we were too busy going over the gift she might get," Tate mumbles.

I try to remember the last time I spoke to her, and for the life of me, I can't remember.

"I didn't have a Mother-Daughter day with her once since she turned sixteen," I say, and one after the other remembers that they brushed her off after we told them about her seventeenth birthday.

"She left on her bike. She crossed the border not far from the cottage," Landon says, and Tate calls off the search for our Daughter. She left the territory, so there's no use. I spend the rest of the day in a daze, and at dinner, I get the worst news I could have gotten.

Ashton tells me she hasn't been in the dining room for nearly a year. They even saw footage of her trying to talk to one of us, and it always ended the same way. We would tell her we were too busy or cut her off by walking away from her. We pushed her away from us by forgetting how much she meant to all of us.

Morgan

Ever since I left Blue River territory, I have been noticing a change in myself. I can't explain it yet as it is very erratic, and every time I think I have it figured out, it changes again. One thing I do know for sure — my hearing has increased a lot, and I'm not talking about being able to hear things close to me.

I was riding along a forest when I heard whimpering, and I stopped because I thought it came from beside the road. But I had to walk over a mile before I found the source. A female about my age was lying on the forest floor, cuts and bruises all over her body. I took her back to my bike to attend to her wounds.

Her Father was grateful I found her and made sure she came home safely. It was also the first time I thought I heard someone's thoughts. At first, I wanted to ignore it, but I decided to inform her Father as he walked me back to my bike. He didn't ask anything — he just nodded his head, and I hope he will keep it in mind for the future.

It is my seventeenth birthday, and I am finally at the gate of the Academy. I get quite a few strange looks, but every Wolf and Lycan steps aside to let me pass. The Lycan at the gate gives me a strange look. I pull to a stop in front of him and remove my helmet, only to be met with a dumbfounded look from the guard.

"I am reporting for duty," I say to the guard, and he asks me for my acceptance letter. I pull it from my back pocket, and when I hand it to him, I take the chance to look around me. Every Wolf and Lycan around me is staring at me. I'm not sure if it has to do with the fact that I am a female or with the fact that I am only 5'5". Well, maybe it has to do with the fact that I just arrived on my Harley, and Amra is laughing in my head.

The guard gives me directions to the main building, and after I put my helmet back on, I ride through the gate, heading toward my future.

I watch the terrain as I slowly make my way over to the entrance. The main building is where I will get my education, my temporary room, and my meals, while most of the other buildings house the unit members.

The moment I pull to a stop, every Wolf and Lycan on the front steps turns around. Almost every female has a smile on their face as they look at my Harley, but the moment they look at me, those smiles falter.

I get off my bike and remove my helmet without looking at any of them, and I hear gasps when my black hair comes into view.

Elder Larson walks down the steps, and I hold out my acceptance letter. He nods his head as he takes it from me. He smiles when he opens it, and within a second, another Elder approaches us.

"You will be skipping the first two weeks of training. Your test results were the best we've ever had, and it would be a waste of time to make you attend," Elder Larson says.

Most of the other Wolves and Lycans stare daggers at me. Looks like they don't like finding out that someone is smarter than them, and I have to stifle a smile when Elder Larson informs me I will only have to attend the introduction morning.

Elder Emmett tells me that he will be my tutor for the next two weeks.

"We think you could become a great asset to the King, and I will put you through a few more tests to see if our instincts are correct," Elder Emmett says.